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place it in one of the chapels of the new Cathedral.

The relic possesses a rare interest. Its history is as follows: Some years since, Mr. Lester, formerly U. S. Consul to Genoa, while engaged in visiting different places of note in that city, came upon a monk who was carving out of a solid piece of ivory a crucifix, upon which he had spent many years of labor, and to the perfection of which he gave his undivided attention. Mr. Lester became particularly interested in the sculptor and his work, and he purchased the crucifix. Mr. Lester then sent it for inspection to the renowned Powers, with directions to have the figure improved if possible. After retaining it six months, Mr. Powers returned it, stating that it was a most perfect work of art, and could not be improved. When Mr. Lester arrived in this country, he sold the work to the Cosmopolitan Art Association for ten thousand dollars. The Association afterwards put it among a list of premiums at an annual lottery. The figure fell into the hands of a schoolmaster in Lancaster county, from whom it was purchased by the deceased, from whom no money could repurchase it. From the size of the crucifix it is inferred that the ivory was the trunk of an animal which existed ages hence, as no elephant in modern times could supply an equal amount of tusk. The ivory, when found, was a black mass, like coal. The second coating was of a yellowish tinge, and the last a pure milk white. Those who have seen the figure applaud it as well worthy of the admiration of every lover of the beautiful. The veins in the body are distinctly visible, and every muscle and ligament are in exact positions.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MILLS' STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

At the inauguration of the statue of WASHINGTON, Mr. CLARK MILLS, the artist, made the following explanatory remarks:

"This statue was intended for a greater elevation than it has; but the appropriation was inadequate to carry out the original design, namely, forty feet. It was intended that the pedestal should be in three stories, representing the three great epochs of our history. The first to represent the country as it appeared when first discovered, and inhabited by the Indians: the second to represent the dawn

of civilization; the third representing the great revolutionary epoch, with Washington's generals, all represented in life size, in full relief, and the whole surmounted by the equestrian statue of the Father of his Country.

The incident selected for this statue was at the battle of Princeton, a description of which can be found in "Upham's Life of Washington," page 230, where Washington, after several ineffectual attempts to rally his troops, advanced so near the enemy's line, that his horse refused to go farther, but stood and trembled while the balls which were fired tore up the earth under his feet; and amid this scene sat collected the hero—the instrument in the hands of Providence to work out the great problem of Liberty. The likeness is a faithful representation of a cast taken from the living face of Washington, in 1785, at Mount Vernon, by M. Houdon. This cast was placed over the door on a bracket in Washington's library by his own hand, until permission was given him to use it for this noble object. The uniform is a *fac-simile* of the one worn by Washington, and now in the Patent Office. The trappings of the horse are taken from the paintings of the truthful artist and patriot of the Revolution—Trumbull.

ART-GOSSIP.



ARTISTS are unusually busy, notwithstanding the picture market is rather overstocked. Our best painters are, as a general thing, well supplied with commissions, and, as a consequence, pictures from their hands are harder to get than usual. Growing reputation always makes a demand for the artists' labor. We have known many instances of pictures, painted by the artist in the days when he could not sell his works even for a beggarly price, to sell for larger prices and be in great demand after the press and public had begun to talk of him. It is evident that many reputations have increased of late; for, besides there being vastly fewer of certain pictures on the market, their price has also lately been enhanced fully one half. This speaks well for the success of the leading laborers in the vineyard of canvass, and proves that there is patronage for those who succeed in gaining a position and a name.

The great number of sales of pictures held in the city, during the past three months, has served somewhat to supply the floating demand for art-works of a medium character—neither very good nor very bad; consequently this class of pictures is rather unpromising property to the artist. Still, the artists paint on, evidently in the hope of making up by numbers what they must sacrifice in price. A better plan, in a trade point of view, would be to paint fewer pictures, and thereby command better prices. Art will be as inevitably governed by the laws of trade as silks and corner lots; an overstock depreciates prices—a scant supply enhances them. This, doubtless, will become apparent, even to those who preach so much of "high" art—which, apparently, means high prices for any and every thing which may be painted by a certain selected few of the elder race of artists. Many are taking this sensible *trade* view of the matter, and have resolved to paint less canvass over, and to give up more time to each individual work—a course which may render their pictures less common but the more prized.

James Hart has completed his large picture of "Placid Lake." It is a superb work—deeply colored, strongly handled, clearly toned, and pervaded by the very spirit of beauty. This artist has struck out a style which may be pronounced original. It excites the same lively sensation in the mind that we experience in gazing upon a landscape where all the lights and shadows and purest colors contribute to produce a series of novel impressions, yet which are all harmonious and pleasing in the fullest degree. His study of nature—of *American* nature—evidently has been intense; everything is rendered with a fidelity at times wonderful; yet there is no mere painstaking imitation apparent, for the artist catches the spirit, as well as substance of tree, flower, water, hill and field, and reproduces it in all his works. His pictures are strongly, unmistakably *American*, and seem to identify the artist as one of those to whom we are to look for the creation of the American School of Landscape Art. It is to be regretted that "Placid Lake" could not have had exhibition in some good gallery especially prepared for it.

T. Buchanan Read is at present in Philadelphia. He has painted but little this winter. His portraits of Henry W. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes are in his

studio, in this city. They are perfectly unexceptionable presentments of the originals, and show Mr. Read's powers in a highly favorable light. The painting, "Cleopatra Sailing on the Nile," ornaments the walls of his studio. In cartoon he has the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpent," "the Crowning of the Fairy Queen," &c.—compositions showing the rich fancy of the poet.

Jackson, the sculptor, is at present engaged upon his design for the Kane statue, which the Kane Monument Association propose to erect upon some of the public grounds of this city. The design is now in plaster, small. It represents Dr. Kane, with his sea-glass thrown upon his left arm, while, with the elbow of the right arm, he rests upon the capstan of the ship. His Esquimaux dog crouches at his feet. The figure is finely draped in a cloak, which drops from the shoulder, betraying the form of the navigator, and giving to the upper portion of the figure a prominent relief. The face is a portrait, of course, full of the sublime dignity of the intelligent, indomitable man, bent upon the accomplishment of a great purpose. This design gives, we learn, great satisfaction to the officers of the Monument Association, and, doubtless, will be accepted. It is to be cast in bronze—the figure to have a height of eight feet.

This same artist has modelled the head of his friend, Mr. Read, the "poet-painter," which he is to put into marble. It most happily approaches the original in features and expression.

A. F. Bellows is busy upon a portfolio of commissions. A landscape and figure piece is now on his easel, giving the wood-life of those gypsies of the North—the Penobscot Indians. It is a delightful work, full of the richness of a Northern summer, and marked with a poetic harmony, which is one of this artist's strong traits. Mr. Bellows paints with an exquisite appreciation of nature in the repose and fullness of summer life; and his paintings command liberal advance commissions. The character-pieces of Mr. Bellows are greatly admired; but we think it is in rendering the *poetry* of landscape that his true forte lies.

Bleauvelt is producing his inimitable character-creations as rapidly as his painstaking and fastidious taste will permit. Everything from his hand is as much his own as Hood's witticisms were nobody's else. There are none to compete with

him in his *specialite*, and if he does not make a fortune with his palette it will be because he does not know the worth of his own labor. He is a *genre* artist of the American school of humor, whose name and works will not fail to command attention abroad.

William Hart is, as usual, busy as a harvester. His commissions give him little time for play. He has, within the past few months, executed several delightful and characteristic works—the subjects being selected from his last summer's portfolio of sketches made on the wild and almost inaccessible shores of Eastern Maine. Mr. Hart has won a leading position in American art, which he evidently is not destined to forfeit. His pictures are mostly sought for by connoisseurs and gentlemen of taste.

Sonntag has recently executed several important commissions. His "Dream of Italy" proved a great success, as was anticipated—the best judges pronouncing it a work of true power and beauty. It served to enhance the already eminent reputation of the artist. We should be glad to see this noble work done on steel. It would prove a very popular reproduction, if well done.

Several of our younger race of artists are fast making their way to favor through the excellence of their works. Warren, Williamson, and C. C. Griswold may be particularly mentioned as deserving the attention of connoisseurs. Their style is pure, their coloring rich, but not meretricious, their composition marked by a fine perception of the beautiful. We can safely promise these artists a first-class position, if they continue true and faithful worshippers at the shrine of nature. Mr. Warren's *specialite* is marine composition—a department strangely lacking devotees, in this country. Only let them beware of "Reception" reputations—not to take tinsel for gold.

These "Receptions," by the way, appear to be given by the artists purposely to hear themselves praised by pretty women and long-bearded men. To find fault with a picture upon the walls would be like finding fault with the wine at the table of a generous host. Everybody is expected to come in white gloves, the prettiest etiquette of "good society" to be immaculately preserved, and every picture exhibited to command the adjectives of sweetest sound for their praise. Nothing less is expected, or is heard, than "O

how charming!" "Bootchiful!" "Vera foine!" with an occasional utterance of something *artistic*, as, for instance, "a delightful commingling of the largest elements of chiaro-oscuro, with the spiritual apprehensions and material perfectness;" or, "full of the elaborate touches of true genius and the individualities of the palette." It is our impression that artists are not in want of such nurseries of conceit—their egotism and vanity are not likely to languish, so long as a certain class of "critics" who *do* the art itemising for some "leading" daily and otherwise newspapers—are allowed to write and print their ill-timed and incompetent opinions. Therefore, the "Receptions," as at present conducted, are not particularly useful: and artists who hope to gain true applause should be steeled against the insufferable conceit of these exclusively-my-admirers-gatherings. This is our opinion of "Artist's Receptions," in an *artistic* sense. Sociably they are well enough, particularly for those who *like* to be placed in the closest possible proximity to crinoline and barber's perfume.

Jerome Thompson is doing a capital winter's service. His exquisitely conceived portraits of country life are unexcelled in their department of our national art. His "Mansfield Mountain," as a landscape, has won golden opinions: but his *forte* is the interpretation of the life and labors of the farmer—the spirit of the fields and woods. Every well-chosen collection should contain one of this artist's pictures. The Bostonians have "artist's receptions," which appear to be instituted more for the introduction of artists to the public than for their introduction to fashionable women. The *Transcript*, of that city, remarks of the last reception:

"Among the many fine pictures, we noticed two scenes from the Rocky Mountains by Bierstadt, and Frost contributed a Kansas view from nature. Champney had a picture of North Conway village. A sparkling coast view by Brown of Portland, and some spirited Mt. Desert views by Griggs, attracted much attention. Gerry was represented by two fine Swiss views. Guy sent in a view of Nantasket Beach, and Hinkley the Stag at Bay—one of his best pictures. Among the portraits were heads by Ransom, Young and Wight, and a beautiful crayon head by Johnston. Our artists are to be congratulated upon the very successful display of their works."

Some of our Western New-York friends speak well of the talents of Mrs. Ingersol Gora, wife of the editor of the *Erie Gazette*. Her portrait of Judge Thompson, and a composition, "The Pride of the Vineyard," are referred to as highly meritorious, and as indicative of fine artistic powers.

We are glad to hear that Victor M. Griswold, of Ohio, is to return to his easel again. He has painted very little, of late, owing to his more worldly, and, perhaps, more profitable enjoyments. Mr. G. is an artist of merit, one who ought to, and doubtless will, make for himself a name this side of the Alleghanies, as he already has done beyond the mountains.

Mr. Geo. H. Hall, accompanied by Mr. Coleman, soon goes to Spain for a two years' residence and study of the masters of the Spanish school. Mr. Hall has become quite a favorite with a large class of art-patrons, who, while they will regret his absence, will rejoice at his opportunities for European study, feeling assured that it will add to his already fine resources of head and hand. A sale of over one hundred and forty works by Mr. Hall recently took place in this city—comprising the gatherings of his studio for the last nine years. The sum realized exceeded three thousand six hundred dollars. The "Cosmopolitan Art Association" succeeded in obtaining several of the finest of the works.

Barbee's "Fisher Girl," after a very successful exhibition, was sold at auction at the Merchants' Exchange, in this city, in the presence of a great crowd of those interested in art. After a spirited bidding it was knocked down to the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," for the low sum of twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars.

Paul Akers has on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, New-York, his statue of "The Dead Pearl Diver." It is a reclining, full-length figure, betraying fine power of anatomical expression, and has served to add largely to the sculptor's reputation. At last accounts from the artist he was very ill at Lyons, France, from hemorrhage of the lungs. His loss, at this stage of his career, would cause great regret in art-circles.

Miss Harriet Hosmer has been suddenly recalled from Rome, owing to the illness of her father, Dr. Hiram Hosmer, of Watertown, Mass.

Rosa Bonheur, it is said, is to visit this country during the coming summer. She

has a commission for a picture of Buffalo Life, and comes here to visit the Red River Country, where she can study the "National Ox" in all his pomp and pride of prairie freedom. Rosa will be a *lion* in all circles.

Shattuck, Cafferty, Casilier, Gifford, Stearns, Mignot, Coleman, Eastman, Johnson, Hicks, Church, Tait, C. T. Dix, Brown, Hubbard, Carpenter, Hays, are all busy upon commissions. Each one named will be will represented in the coming Academy Exhibition. We sincerely trust their works will serve to redeem the comparative failure of last year's exhibition. The Hart brothers, Bellows, Sonntag, Read, Blauvelt, we know will be unusually strong in their contributions.

Mr. George Winter is working with success in Lafayette, Indiana. His character-pieces are original, marked, and full of expression. The "Annual Distribution" of his works, which his friends insist upon his making, has become the art-feature of Lafayette.

The good people of Troy, New-York, are proceeding in the right direction, in the formation of an art-fund and the establishing of a gallery in their city. The recent exhibition there was highly creditable—showing good taste and good sense in its management. Why cannot all cities of its size, throughout the whole country, get up similar local exhibitions of their art-treasures? Nothing could be desired better calculated to promote a taste for art among the people.

Mr. C. T. Dix, we learn, is to make another voyage to study sea and sky.

The *Herald* remarks, of foreign artists in our midst: "Among foreign artists resident among us, Sautain, in crayons, and Delessard, in barnyard scenes, deserve a favorable notice, while A. Van Beest's picture of the "Brig Armstrong Attacked by the British Navy" in the harbor of Fayal, is, without exaggeration, the finest marine view we have seen painted in this country, and he deserves great credit in this admirable perpetuation of the glorious achievement of a privateer. His India ink pictures of "Penguins upon a Rock off Algeria," with a head sea, and the "Smuggler's Lookout," are extraordinary sea effects, handled by a master hand. Most of his pictures have been sold in France, from the fact that the taste for marine works has not as yet become a passion here as abroad, but at present he is engaged upon numerous orders."

Durand is not in his usual good hale health. His years begin to tell upon his strength, if not upon his spirit and love of art. He is over-stocked with commissions.

Church is slow of production, evidently purposing not to satiate the public with surprises. He is now completing a "Twilight," which promises to challenge considerable remark.

Huntington is engaged upon a full-length of the late Washington Irving. The artist was fortunate enough to secure a sketch of Mr. Irving, in his later years. This, with the aid of a clear remembrance of the author's every look, expression and feature, will enable Mr. H. to produce a portrait which doubtless will serve to impersonate for the future, him who has just passed away. Mr. Irving, it is well known, positively refused to sit for his likeness, even for his relatives and most endeared friends. Hence, we have no authentic portrait of him in his later years, except such as have been *sketchen* by the hasty hand of some crayon sketcher. Mr. H. has not only a good sketch, but preserves in vivid remembrance all that is necessary to give us a good and satisfactory characterization.

Mr. Page is engaged in painting another Venus in Rome. Mr. Young, the editor of *The Albion*, writing from Rome says:

"Mr. Page's Venus—number 3, if I mistake not—is not yet sufficiently advanced toward finish, to enable one to speak of it with confidence. Still, in drawing and in color, it is certain that it will prove another masterpiece. In color especially Mr. Page has scarcely a rival. He has studied deeply the secrets of the Venetian school, and has fathomed some of its most expressive mysteries. On an easel, side by side with the Venus, stands a half complete picture of Aaron and Hur upholding the hands of Moses, while Joshua 'prevailed' in fight against the Amalekites. It promises to be a great success and a legitimate one."

The Venus (No. 2.) recently exhibited in this city, has also been exhibited in Boston and Philadelphia, and is now "on a tour" of Southern cities.

Geo. L. Brown, lately returned from a residence in Europe, has introduced some fine paintings to the New-York public. Mr. Brown shows assiduous study, in all that he does. He paints with freedom, and has attained to a fine position as a marine and landscape artist.